BUCKS COUNTY LIFE

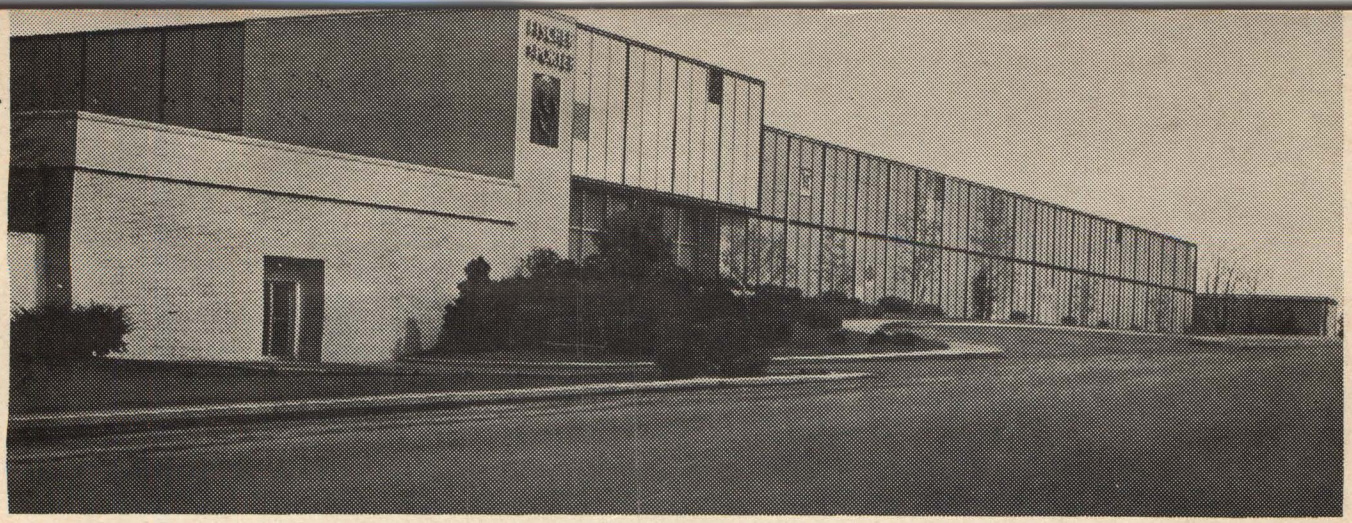
ombe, Pa. 18980

1966 /35c

IN THIS ISSUE

NEIL LIEBERMAN
–A PROFILE

WARMINSTER
INDUSTRY
EXPANDS



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BUCKS COUNTY LIFE

Jeffrey L. Marshall

ARTICLES

5 EDUCATION FOR A WORLD OF WORK
Dr. George E. Raab

12 PROFILE — NEIL LIEBERMAN

14 FRAN ALLISON VISITS BUCKS Fred Bauer

15 GHOST TALES OF BUCKS
Adi-Kent Thomas Jeffrey

16 THE TENNENTS OF NESHAMINY
Joyce Meyer

18 WARMINSTER INDUSTRY EXPANDS
Terry Mattocks

20 WE'LL LEAVE THE LIGHT BURNING
Martin Moskovitz

FEATURES

4 OFF THE TOP

6 WHERE TO DINE

7 IN THE MAILBOX

8 DRIVING ACROSS BUCKS

10 BUCKS COUNTY NATURE ALMANAC

22 BUCKS COUNTY TOYBOX

23 TOADSTOOL

24 POSTCARDS OF THE PAST

28 THE LITERARY SCENE

OFF THE TOP

Somewhere fighting in Viet Nam is a man for whom I have a very special gratitude and respect. I have never met him, and I am sure he has never heard of me. His name is Staff Sgt. Luis Rivera Cruz, and his address is 1210561 USMC, 9th Motor Transport Battalion, Company "C", F. P. O. San Francisco, California 96601.

I know that he is over thirty, is married, has three children, enlisted in the Marine Corps, and that he was born in Puerto Rico. I know these things because of a very special girl named Mary. Mary is seventeen and related to Luis by marriage. She is a bright, animated, restless girl who has never learned to develop her potential; and I am very much afraid that Mary will be another statistic on our high school "drop-out" reports next fall.

Mary and I met through the Bucks County YWCA Library and Study Center in Warminster more than two years ago, and although it must seem sometimes that I am constantly nagging her about school — a very real affection has grown up between us. This, and the knowledge that she has the ability to graduate, makes it especially difficult to accept defeat in Mary's case. Somewhere we have failed to give her the incentive and to help her gain the self discipline she needs so badly.

There are times when youngsters like Mary become apathetic and ask, "What does it matter? What difference does it make if I quit school and get a job or get married? Who cares?"

Luis Rivera Cruz, a marine fighting in Viet Nam, has volunteered his concern for a potential high school drop out. Certainly if he can care, many of us can care enough to volunteer our time and efforts to try to help these confused children. Maybe the knowledge that we *do* care can provide the incentive and help.

I would like all of you to share the letter from Viet Nam that Mary brought to me.

"Hi There Mary

How are you and how is everyone over there now a days. I hope all of you are just fine. To begin with I like to tell you that I received your letter about two days ago.

Say Mary you more likely tell me that are too old to go to School. Is that what you are trying to tell me? I have you know that never a person is to old to learn or to go to school. I wish I was eighteen and I had the chance to go to school as you do. I think you have other things in your mind that you have not yet have taken a good look at it.

I am going to give you a couple of notes concerning school and a future of any American citizen. A high School graduate person always has the chance of earning three thousands dollars more a year than a person that quits in ninth or eight grade.

I don't know but if you are thinking to get married you better make sure your boyfriend has at least high school so that he always has a good job and can take of both of you and a baby if it comes along. Marriage is just something that every body does not think how complicated it can get once in a while.

Take my word of advice. Think it over and be sure that you're making the right move. I know you are going to laugh or probably get disgusted at me for telling you all this. But I am doing it because I am looking at it every day of my life.

To me marriage have not been to complicated at all because I got married when I knew I was capable. Although sometimes there are many things that I would like to have and I can not have them because my school education does not permit me to reach that much. Sometimes I even been sorry about it and I still think that when I get off the Marines I will try to get more school education and get with it like the other fellows.

Well enough of that — I know everybody does as they think it fits better. If I were you I enjoy my life for a while and about the age of thirty or around then I settle down.

I ask in my last letter if you have something special for me when I get back from here. If you know how to cook you could make a good dinner for us when we get back from Viet Nam.

Here I am sending you two pictures that one of my men took while we were getting ready to go out on a convoy. They always pulling jokes on me. We have an excellent crew of men around here and I am glad I am here with them.

Sometimes it gets kind of rough but these men are very good Marines. Most of them are real young and others are up in age like me. No matter how things turn to be we all get the job done.

Well Mary you say hello for me to your mother and father and all the good people in that vicinity. Tell them that I am doing O. K.

With love from Luis"

M.E.

BUCKS COUNTY PRESENTS

"EDUCATION FOR A WORLD OF WORK"

A GUEST EDITORIAL BY

Dr. George E. Raab
Bucks County Superintendent of Schools

There are a number of facts which must be brought into focus as we give serious thought to preparation for the world in which we live:

1. There is an increasing mobility population with one of five Americans changing their address each year and with one of four Americans now living in a state other than the one in which he was born;
2. The majority of Americans will change jobs at least three times in a lifetime;
3. Twenty-six million young workers will be entering the labor market in the next five years at the rate of forty to fifty thousand per week;
4. More than fifty per cent of the population of America is below the age of twenty-eight;
5. Over two million new jobs were created over the past ten years for technical and semi-professional workers while another two million jobs will be vacated within the next ten years because of technical advance and productivity;
6. The high school graduation diploma adds $466 per year to the average annual income, while two years of college adds up to lifetime added earnings of $90,000.

Bringing these facts into perspective, there is one very sound conclusion — schools and communities must pay serious attention to the preparation of the young adults for a world of work. More specifically, it is urgent that some fundamental attitudes be developed if we are to produce citizens who are able to respond effectively to the society in which they live.

It pays to be good at whatever you do. With or without financial returns, almost everyone in the world has work to do. People bring different skills and talents to the many kinds of different jobs that exist or will be created. If a person is interested in his work, and if his work is suited to him, and if he wants to succeed at his job, he *can* be good at it. If he is not effective at his work, it is a terrific expense to society in errors, in accidents, and in dissatisfactions. Each human being has special gifts which, if properly developed, are possesed by no other human being. It is imperative that schools and the community help each person ferret out his interests, assess his ability, and develop his potential to the maximum if he is to become a good citizen and a worthwhile person. A wide diversity of occupations exists from which to choose a career. Young adults and school pupils quite often pursue the footsteps of their parents, friends, or respected adults. It is important that we accept the fact that each and every occupation property selected makes an important contribution to our society. The apron of the surgeon, the apron of the auto mechanic, the apron of the pharmacist, and the apron of the cook must symbolize dignity for all people. The shoes we fill is not nearly as important as the attitude we bring to the job we take. Pride in work, accomplishment, self-determination, and self-initiative is the best insurance for secure, self-supporting citizens.

Education is a bridge between you and success in your work. What you learn in school and out of school, what you learn as a child, what you learn as a self-teaching adult, and the importance you attach to what you are learning determines how successful you will be in developing your talents to the fullest. The kind of education which everyone needs is the kind which fits the unique goals, talents, and aspirations of each human being. By whatever media, education from birth to death should equip each person with the knowledge, skills, judgments, and appreciations necessary to do his work. Education must provide each individual with opportunities for making choices by virtue of a wide selection of experiences from which to draw. With developing maturity comes a great need for each human being to make his own decisions and to act on his own purposes within the total well being of his community.

The essence of freedom and security in a world of work then involves:

1. The development of personal traits of courage, confidence, self-determination, self-initiative, and pride in performance;
2. The provision of adequate opportunities whereby each human being can be skilled in an area of competence needed by business, industry, and the community and thereby become employable at all times, and;
3. The development of a set of moral and ethical values whereby all people can make sound decisions in the midst of a set of conflicting circumstances that surround us day by day.

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Conti Inn—Cross Keys. L. D. One of Country's historic old inns, owned and hosted by the Conti's, a name well known in restaurant circles. Try Walter's Caesar Salad. Bar. 345-9964

Doylestown Inn — 18 W. State St. Features early breakfast, business lunch, cocktails, dinner and late snacks. Guest rooms with private bath. Banquets. Fine food in a family atmosphere. 345-9970.

Warrington Inn—Rt. 611, Warrington. L. D. Famous for fine seafood. Spacious rooms for private parties. Cordial atmosphere created by Vincent's greeting. DI 3-0210

Lower Bucks

Bristol Motor Inn — the Buckingham Room and Elbow Room features a fine restaurant and cocktail lounge with traditional cuisine for all meals of the day. Delightful facilities for small banquets and parties are available. Parking is never a problem. ST 8-8401.

Buck Hotel — Feasterville. Old timey inn with a chummy bar. L. D. moderately priced. Phone ahead for special dishes. Cheese cake delicious. Expert catering. EL 7-1125

Flannery's—Man-sized meals that will delight the slim-line gals. Steaks, Chops, Seafood—charcoal broiled. Paintings by well known Bucks County artists to enjoy while you dine. U.S. Route 1, Penndel, Pa. SK 7-3757

Golden Horse Inn—Trevose, on Rt. 1 and Street Road. "Specialty of the House" —prime ribs of beef from the unique beef cart carved at your table. Entertainment in the cocktail lounge.

Upper Bucks

Cascade Lodge — Kintnersville, Pa. Refreshing rural location, offering many distinguished facilities for your relaxation and dining pleasure. Business, social functions and wedding parties graciously catered. Located one mile south of Riegelsville, turn right off Rt. 611. Open Holidays, Sundays, Weekdays · Tuesday through Saturday. Ph: 346-7484

Four Winds Tavern—Rt. 611, Revere. Open fireplace flicker on basket—chicken, T-bone steak and seafood. Steamed clams on Mondays. Delightful home baked pies. Cocktail lounge. Phone 847-5738 for reservations.

Indian Rock Inn—"On The Delaware", River Road, Upper Black Eddy. Delicious meals served in a charming, restful, atmosphere. Open Tuesday through Saturday for Cocktails and Dinner. Phone 982-5767

Lower River Road

Washington Crossing Inn—Washington Crossing. Line in formal dining rooms or in original kitchen of this historic inn. Facilities for bridge parties in small private rooms. Recommended food and bar. HY 3-6677·

The Yardley Inn—This historic spot on the Delaware River at Yardley, features delightful food for luncheon and dinner under the capable management of Roger Stocovaz. Good food in a rare setting. For reservations call HYatt 3-3800.

New Hope

The Cock'n Bull—offers fine food in an informal, old fashioned setting you will find delightful. Located in the new Peddler's Village in Lahaska. Open 7 days a week. Monday through Saturday 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.—From 12 noon to 8 p.m. on Sunday (794-7051).

Tow Path House—New Hope. Unique well-fireplace, glows by the creek lighting diners. Check giant blackboard menu for delicacies. Choice. Cocktails. 862-2784

New Hope Diner—Rt. 202—1 mile west of Delaware River. Serving breakfast, lunch and dinner. Quick service at moderate prices, 24 hours a day throughout the year. Families invited to enjoy our new dining room facilities. Phone 862-5575.

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Goodnoe Farm delicious luncheons, dinners. Specialize in their own "Toll Gate" ice cream in a great variety of flavors. At the intersection of Rt. 413 and 532.

On the Jersey Side

Lambertville House — Lambertville. Miniature loaves of bread at this historic old country hotel. L-D Candlelight bar 'til 2 a.m. (except Sunday); hot food served 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m. daily. (609)397-0202

River's Edge — Lambertville, N. J. perched on the banks of the Delaware, this stone mill built in 1835 is a delightful place to dine. Radio's, "Stella Dallas" on hand to greet you. Here you enjoy fine continental food and American favorites. (609) 397-0897

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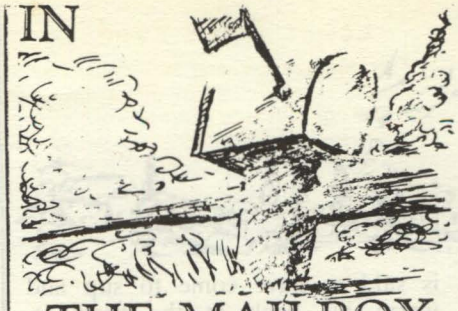


IN THE MAILBOX

Dear Mrs. Eitzen:

Many thanks for a job well done in your recent article about Central Bucks' newest junior high school, Unami.

The double page spread with the excellent exterior and interior photos of the school portrayed the building beautifully.

The citizens of the community, I'm sure, are appreciative of Bucks County Life's fine coverage of Unami, which, indeed, helped reflect their concern and interest in providing good schools and education for the boys and girls in the community.

Your magazine is a definite asset to the community.

Sincerely,
B. Anton Hess,
Regional Superintendent

Dear Sirs,

I have thoroughly enjoyed this last year's subscription — more I think than previous years. I would add interesting personalities of people living in Bucks County.

The November issue containing the Writer's contest winner—Marylou K. Strezenewski's story on *IN DEFENCE OF THE STATUS QUO* hit a very special place in my heart. Expressing every sentiment I have for the county and sad to think of change and progress gradually moving slowly but definitely up from the lower part of the county northward, spoiling the rural beauty and character of this internationally known-beautiful county.

Sincerely,
Trudy Wright
Collingswood, New Jersey

Dear Sirs:

Please accept my thanks for your generous award in the Bucks County Life Writers' Contest. It was a thrill to see my first effort at writing published in such a fine magazine.

To the contest judges, Adi-Kent Jeffrey and James Michener, I would also extend my sincere appreciation for their time, effort and helpful comments.

In our home last year, the Tennents were welcomed; not like ghosts from the past, but like living souls with whom we had much in common, with whom we sympathized in many ways, and who challenged us by the calibre of their lives and character.

Writing about this family of great men was somewhat like assembling a giant jig-saw puzzle. First, we had to locate the pieces. This took us as far as a little town near Freehold; N. J. called Tennent. With awe we gazed upon the oldest Presbyterian pulpit in America; the same pulpit occupied by both John and William Tennent, Jr. The church stands on the old Monmouth battleground. On one of the pews are ancient bloodstains where a revolutionary soldier expired after the battle.

When the puzzle pieces were found they had to be put in their proper places. It was hard work, but never dull. The writer could not hope to do them justice, but is grateful an opportunity to re-introduce the Tennents of Neshaminy to your readers.

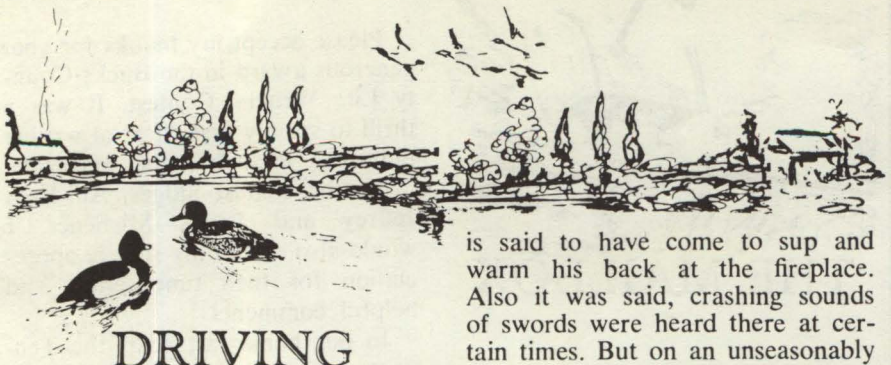
Joyce Meyer

P.S. Do you think most of your readers recognized the Neshaminy-Warwick Presbyterian Church on the cover of the Sept. issue? I loved that cover!

Dear Editor,

The November magazine arrived safely and I enjoyed the new article — the monthly Nature Almanac. Very interesting to read of the different birds etc. found in Bucks County. I hope you print one every month.

Miss D. Mattocks
37 Waterloo Road
Gillingham, Kent
England



DRIVING ACROSS BUCKS

by Sheila Broderick

Did you hear shots on New Year's Eve? Well, it might have been someone murdering his wife to aid his resolution of trying to live a more peaceful life — but chances are that it was just some of the ghosts of those early German settlers in Upper Bucks!

You see, back in those gud old days it was the custom for the menfolk to "Shoot in the New Year." The women stayed at home "where all decent females belonged" while the men gathered together with shotguns, pistols, horns, drums, boilers, saucepans and any other kind of noise-maker they could find.

Once everyone had arrived at the crossroads or village green or whatever meeting place had been designated, the group rode out over the country side announcing its arrival by making the worst kind of noise possible.

The clamor which was guaranteed "to wake the sleep of the dead" woke all the folks around, who hurried to set out copious quantities of beer, cider, cakes, buns, apples and ginger and anise cookies — thus assuring themselves of a year of happiness and fortune. You may be sure that by the time these rounds ended, the celebrants were in a state of jovial certainty of great happiness too!

Did you know that many years ago in a village just north of Doylestown called Dyer, there lived not a great baker, butcher or even a tailor, but a truly great miller. Arriving more than fifty years before the Revolutionary War, John Dyer built himself a mill.

Today the structure still stands, and was, until a few sad weeks ago still in use. No, not as a mill. It was known as John Corcoran's Water Wheel Inn, and stood warmly welcoming travelers in to good company and delightful meals. A land mark on old route 611, it was to this place that General Lafayette is said to have come to sup and warm his back at the fireplace. Also it was said, crashing sounds of swords were heard there at certain times. But on an unseasonably warm day this January, fire struck at the interior of this grand old building and destroyed it. Many mourn the loss of this mill as one would a friend, and feel that old route 611 will never be the same.

An enchanting and "Beautiful Evening" is just what the committee has planned for guests at the Annual Ball of the Bucks County Symphony Society.

The gala soiree Saturday, March 5 at the Warrington Country Club has been titled "Beau Soir" and a decidedly French theme will flavor the evenings activities beginning with a cocktail hour followed by a candlelight dinner, music and dancing. Special entertainment is also planned for the party-goers at this — the annual fund raising event of the Bucks County Symphony Society.

Co-chairmen are Mrs. Kenneth L. Phillips, Wrightstown and Mrs. Melvin Gottschalg, New Britain.

The Symphony Society presents three adult concert and a special Children's Concert each season. Conductor Vernon Hammond leads the more then 65 non-professional member group in symphonic programs which have entertained thousands since the group began in 1954. The annual fund raising event takes on added significance this year because the orchestra is in the process of purchasing a set of tympany and adding to a fund for the purchase of an acoustical shell.

Did you know that the winds at this time of the year can turn the evergreens brown? Protect yours by spraying them with a wilt-proof-spray. Bought at almost any hardware store, it is very easy to apply and seals the moisture in the foliage thus protecting and preventing drying out.

As regular readers will remember, I have mentioned Quakertown Aviation, Inc., before, but I feel that this service, located at the new Upper Bucks County Airport, just off Route 663, is of enormous help

Continued on page 13

The Doylestown Inn

The heart of Bucks County where 202 crosses 611

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CONGRATULATES

ETHEL D. LODGE

Winner of The Instructor Excellence in Teaching Award

Mrs. Lodge, elementary vocal music teacher at the George C. Shelmire School in the Centennial Jointure, receives a personally inscribed bronze medal and a check this February—her birthday month. The school will receive a framed certificate commemorating her achievement.

Wife of recreation director Claude Lodge, and mother of twelve year old Cynthia, Mrs. Lodge excels in needlepoint, crewel embroidery, and sewing as well as in her work.

Our community benefits from Ethel's talents in many ways. She is choir director for her church, pianist for various civic groups, songster for local Girl Scout troops, frequent accompanist, and she plays for woman's club fashion shows, Easter sunrise services, and the annual scholarship fund show sponsored by the teachers in Southampton.

We met Mrs. Lodge working with the humanities program in the Centennial elementary schools, and found her to be as gracious and charming as she is talented.

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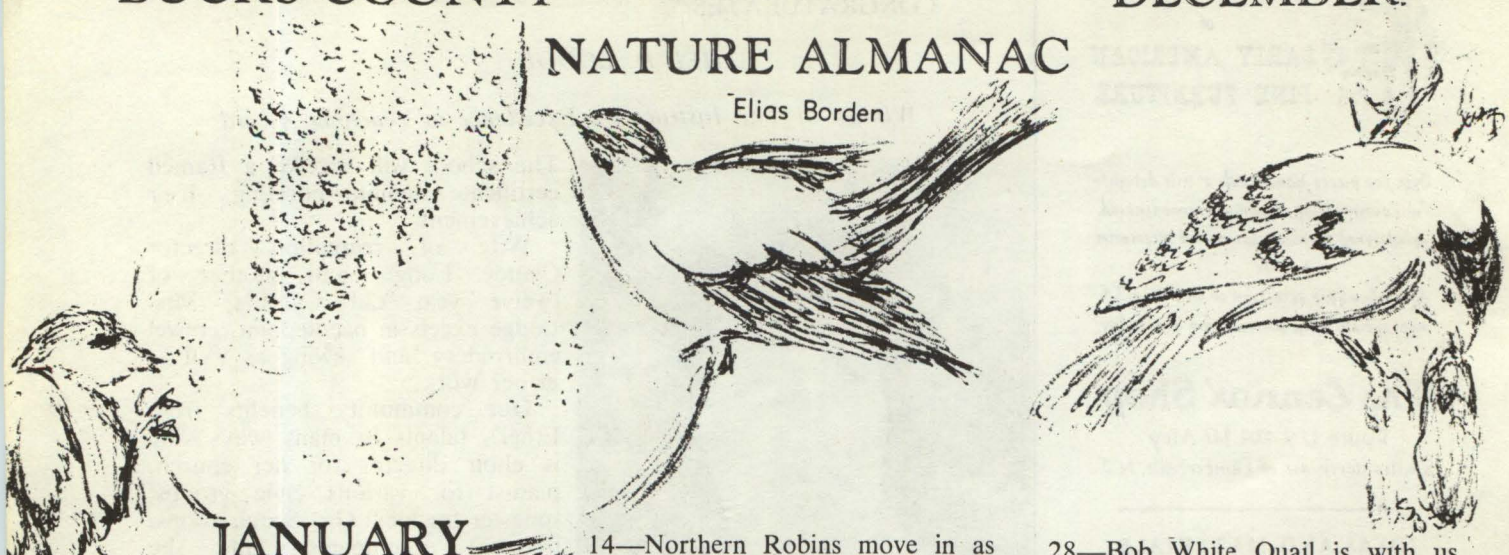
BUCKS COUNTY NATURE ALMANAC

Elias Borden

DECEMBER



JANUARY

Indians called this the SNOW or WOLF MOON.

Lenni Lenapes called it ANISI GISCHUCH, Moon the Ground Squirrel begins to Run.

Winter is king this month; the month of freezing; the time to look for birds who come to their "south" to winter where it is "warm."

1—Pods, Indian Beans of the Catalpa tree persist through the winter.
2—Cedar Waxwings are visiting us through the cold weather.
3—Red berries of American Holly persist far into the winter.
4—Sparrow, Hawk, Kestrel can be seen here through the year.
5—The Crow, all year round bird, starts its nest this month.
6—Virginia White Tailed Deer is now shedding his antlers.
7—Tiny white blossoms of Chickweed are found year round.
8—The Post Oak holds onto its leaves all winter.
9—Poison Ivy leaves are gone, the gray-white berries hang in bunches.
10—Tufted Titmouse is usually found in company with Chickadees.
11—Herring, Winter Gulls frequent the inland waterways.
12—Salt Marsh hay ready for harvest — formerly used extensively.
13—Grape Fern persists all winter on woodlands floor.
14—Northern Robins move in as our robins move out; robins can be seen all year.
15—Points of Skunk Cabbage are starting to emerge from swampy ground.
16—Dark blue berries of Ibota Privet persist through the winter.
17—The white back stripe of Downy Woodpecker can be seen all year.
18—Dried, spent, open cones of Tulip Tree look like candlesticks.
19—Black Capped Chickadees are here all year, look too tiny to stand the cold of winter.
20—Cutleaf Grape Fern, fancy cousin of Grape Fern, outlasts the cold.
21—Translucent leaves of Beech Tree look too fragile to stand the wintry blasts, but they do.
22—Tiger Salamanders might be seen breeding on ice.
23—The winged seeds of Sugar Maple remain on the tree well into winter.
24—Goldfinch, yellow and black, enliven our scene throughout winter.
25—At 9 p.m. south line passes through yellow star Capella in constellation Auriga, the Charioteer.
26—At 9 p.m. south line passes through constellation Lepus, the Hare.
27—Fruit of Cockspur Thorn Tree, deep red or dull orange, persist through the winter.
28—Bob White Quail is with us through the year, holes up in snowdrifts on stormy nights.
29—Barn Owls, expert mousers, are always to be seen here.
30—At 9 p.m. south line passes through the Great Nebula in Orion, the Hunter.
31—Red Foxes are mating.

Dates shown for nature observations are approximations only.

A sky south line starts from directly overhead.

FEBRUARY

Indians called this the HUNGER or RACCOON MOON.

Snow and Ice; occasionally thawing; the month of dreaming of spring; February is winter losing heart and sitting down for a breathing spell.

1—Short Eared Owl, a daytime flyer, is a year round resident.
2—Fertile fronds of Sensitive Fern stand through the winter.
3—Ruffed Grouse may be seen in wooded and mountainous areas.
4—Orange berries of Fire Thorn remain on bush all winter.
5—At 9 p.m. south line passes through red star Betelgeuse in constellation Orion, the Hunter.
6—Sterile fronds of Blunt Lobed Woodsia fern remain green all winter.

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7—Buttonballs of Sycamore Tree hang on the tree till spring.
8—Red Maple Tree buds are red, later to be red blossoms and red-stemmed leaves.
9—The English, or House Sparrow is always with us, winter or summer.
10—Adult 2-lined Salamanders may be found in pondweed.
11—Tiger Salamanders are still breeding.
12—Pussy Willow buds have silvery fur coats.
13—Spent stalks and heads of Heal All stand through the winter.
14—Autumn's Jack-in-Pulpit red berries are spread into the ground.
15—At 9 p.m. south line passes through blue-white star Sirius in constellation Canis Major, the Big Dog.
16—Skunk Cabbage spathes have opened, exposing the blossoms.
17—Pileated Woodpecker, size of Crow, may be seen in deep woods.
18—Sharp-pointed seed balls of Sweet Gum Tree hang on all winter.
19—Tiger Salamander eggs, laid about 8 days ago, are hatching.
20—Watch for Hoary Redpoll, an occasional winter bird visitor.
21—Bunches of browned seed hang on Ailanthus, Tree of Heaven, through winter.
22—Male Robins begin to arrive, will remain to breed.
23—Common Newts can be found; Pickerel Frogs can be seen.
24—Reddish brown fruit of the Great Laurel persists all winter.
25—Dried frame and stem of Queen Anne Lace stands through winter.
26—Larval Marbled Salamanders can be found.
27—Bees are busy now laying eggs; Honey Bees are flying.
28—Mourning Cloak Butterflies may be seen flying on warm days.
29—Purple Grackles arrive from south to breed.

Dates shown for nature observations are approximations only.

A sky south line starts from directly overhead.

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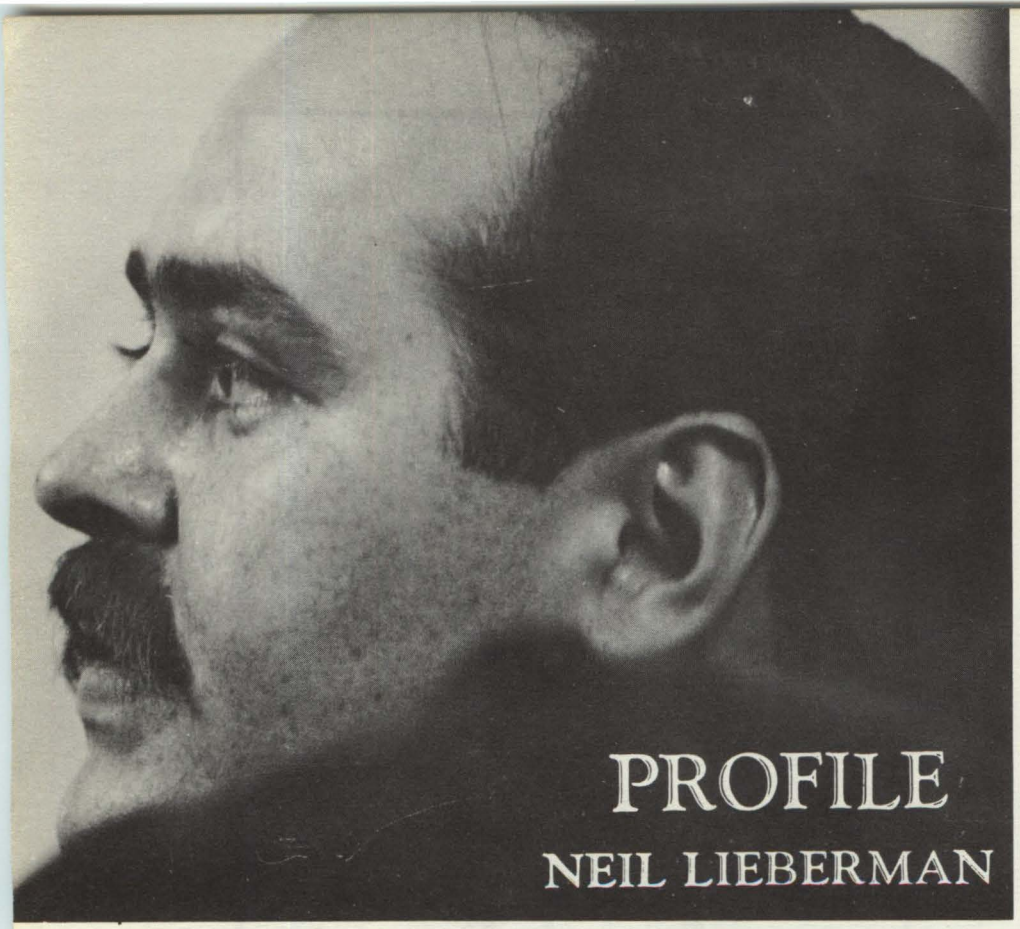


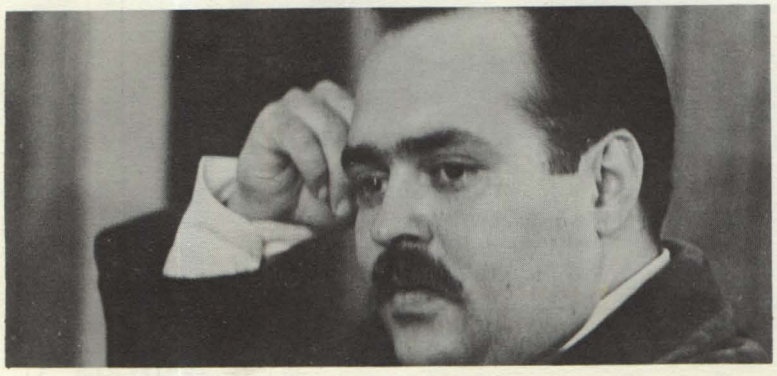
PROFILE
NEIL LIEBERMAN

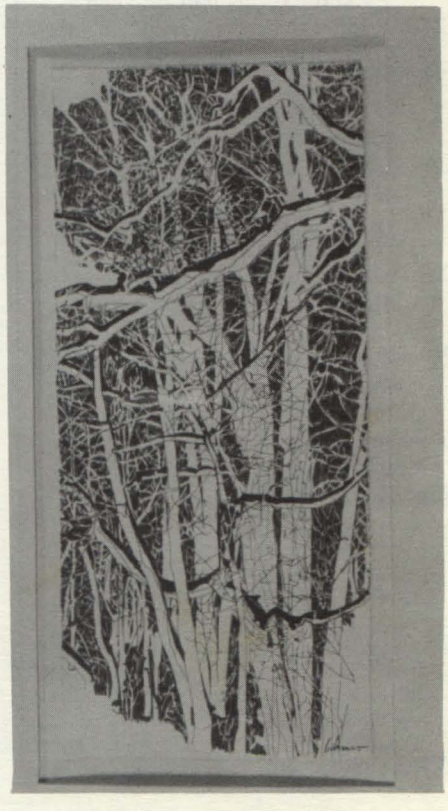
The pensive face in the photographs on this page belongs to the head of the art department at Bucks County's new community college.

Neil Lieberman lives in Buckingham where his wife, Libby, teaches at the elementary school; and his eight year old son, Joshua, mingles cheerfully with art objects, dogs, and cats.

Mr. Lieberman has come to us well qualified with a varied background. He had a four year scholarship to the Philadelphia Museum College of Art, where he was on the Deans List for four years. He was also on the Deans List at Pennsylvania State University where he received his MA. He studied at the Fleischer Art Memorial and at the Art Students League in Philadelphia —with a scholarship to each; and by invitation with sculptors Donato and Lazzari. He also studied at the Smailial painting Studio and the Art Students League in New York.

The list of his exhibitions and prizes in painting, graphics, sculpture, photography, industrial design, silversmithing, jewelry design, and model carving is impressive. He designed the puppets for the Festival of Gas at the New York World's Fair, and was just commissioned to do sculpture for the Canadian World's Fair in 1967.





DRIVING ACROSS BUCKS

Continued from page 8

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An item of news has arrived from Penny Larsen, Press Representative for the McCarter Theatre, Princeton. The most exciting new dance ensemble to emerge in America lately is the brilliant First Chamber Dance Quartet. This superbly talented group of two boys and two girls will be at the McCarter Theatre on Sunday, February 6th at 3 p.m.

Included in their program will be Lois Bewley's "Inner Obstacle", Charles Bennett's "Nagare", Bill Carter's "Bach Suite" and "Allegory".

Then, on February 21st at 8:30 p.m., the Austrian pianist Joerg Demus will present an all Bach program devoted to book 1 (complete) of "The Well-Tempered Clavier".

Last month the Bucks County Civil Defense completed a course of training in which twenty-eight people stayed overnight in a fallout shelter.

It was a small darkened room into which these persons crowded for their trial stay. Comforts were at a minimum; sleeping was arranged on the floor using air mattresses. The food consisted of reinforced crackers and water, and to pass the long hours away there were song fests, cards, reading and a non-denominational service conducted by Rev. Jeremiah A. Falvey of the Holy Ghost Preparatory School.

Each shelteree was assigned to tasks including; supply, maintenance, security, religious affairs, recreation and communications. People came from all walks of life to do this job, and with the exception of two, were complete strangers to each other. They were soon working as a team, as though they had all known each other for years.

Their comments afterwards? . . . The course was a gratifying experi-

Continued on page 26

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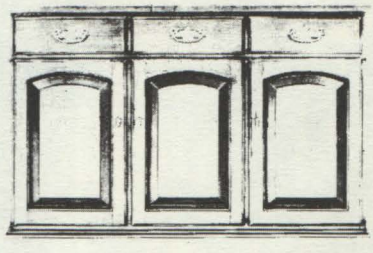

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Gentleness straight from the shoulder, on a cold Bucks County afternoon.

The velvet red dress. The *velvet* red dress and the erect svelte lady in it on a Saturday afternoon in Bucks. That's what you saw.

She flowed on stage with a straight-*forward* mid-western walk. Her gentle direct voice put simple soft words in just the right *places*. And the powerful tenderness went well in the environment.

All too soon it passed, and you look backward *wishing* to have said some thanks. And it was over. And you hoped that Fran Allison would pass this way again.

A Photo-Essay by Fred Bauer

GHOST TALES OF BUCKS

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF DARK HOLLOW

A Series By Adi-Kent Thomas Jeffrey

Editor's Note: We apologize most abjectly to Adi Jeffrey for the unbelievable confusion in THE SCHOOLMASTER OF DARK HOLLOW *in our December issue. For her many loyal fans who have castigated us deservedly — we rerun the story, this time intelligibly. And if anyone can explain to us how we organized such chaos, we will be very grateful.*

In Warwick Township exists one of the most rugged and naturally beautiful areas in all of Bucks. Several roads which can be reached from Route 232 as it makes its way through Richboro and on up towards New Hope take you down into this valley of enchantment.

Watch out though! The spell woven there is born of a haunting, unforgettable past. This area lives up to its foreboding name — Dark Hollow.

As you cross the steel bridge spanning the stream in this mysterious valley, stop a moment.

Do you hear the whistling of a fisherman as he passes by with dreams of bass in his head? Ah, he is indeed a dreamer if legend be ruler in this kingdom of shade. It is said no fish, no live thing comes from this wandering stream ever since the darkest days of the hollow's past.

Once right where the present day bridge holds you up over a listless brook, stood a bridge of worn timbers. Many times it rumbled to the hurried steps of some woods-walker who found himself out too long and too late with the shadows of this glen. Scarcely a wanderer of the woods came and went in the days of the 1800's, whose heart did not beat faster with every twig-snap underfoot.

Yes, Dark Hollow was indeed dark. There were no homes within its gloom at that time. The only sign of any former civilization was the remains of an old schoolhouse. The broken structure of moss- covered stones stacked beside the shivering waters of Dark Hollow Run, seemed to groan as the winds sifted through the crevices and cracks.

Passersby were drawn irresistibly towards this ruin to hear the ghostly mutterings, but none stayed long. The scratchy arms of dead trees caught hair or a disturbed owl split the silence of the woods hollow with a screech.

Dark Hollow became known as a glen of ghosts.

What lay behind the deserted schoolhouse filled only with moss and spider webs and, according to some of the more daring probers of the day, with blood-freezing wails?

It all began in the very early years of the last century. A Yankee schoolmaster, hard as the rocks of the New England coast which bred him, was hired to conduct the school in this spruce-thick valley. His discipline was as harsh as his flint face. He was tall and thin and seemed to hold onto his punishing rod as though such contact supplied him with the very breath of life. He used the rod more frequently than the multiplication tables in that schoolroom. The children dragged with dread to school each day. Most returned home with bruised bodies, thrashed knuckles and frightened eyes.

One day when the schoolmaster was in full measure of ire, he wore out his switch on the children's backs before the day had scarcely gotten under way. He decided he must get a stouter rod with which to teach his lessons. He stalked out into the woods.

Without a moment's delay, with scarcely a glance at each other, the pupils arose and fled. Once home, each spilled out a breathless tale of horror and firmly refused to return. Not a parent demurred. The children were to be disciplined, but not terrorized. A meeting was planned to discuss further action. Meanwhile the children were kept home.

The schoolmaster returned, swinging the switch with anticipation. When he stepped inside the empty room his face stared in white fury. They would return, he told himself. He had disciplined each child to know he must be obedient. Each would return.

Soon he received word. He was dismissed.

Impossible!

But he *was* asked to leave. The schoolhouse was closed down. This

Continued on page 26

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WRITER'S CONTEST WINNER

THE CONCLUSION OF THE TENNENTS OF NESHAMINY

by **Joyce Meyer**

After his ordination, William Tennent, Jr. succeeded his younger brother, John, as pastor of the church at Freehold, N. J. John had died prematurely only two years after beginning his ministry. William Jr.'s pastorate at Freehold lasted forty-four years until his death. He was known as an ardent patriot, and during the part of the Revolutionary War in which he lived, he exerted his influence for the success of the colonies in obtaining their independence. Unfortunately, he did not live to see the successful outcome of the struggle in which he took such a deep interest.

William Tennent's three younger sons were graduates of the "Log College", but Gilbert, the oldest, although educated by his father was not a pupil at the college, for it did not originate until the year he was ordained and licensed as a Presbyterian minister. After his ordination, Gilbert assisted his father in teaching at the "Log College" for a year. Then he received a call to the church of New Brunswick, N. J. There he met the warm-hearted Theodore Frelinghuysen, a Dutch Reformed minister, who welcomed the young pastor to the Raritan Valley with rare generosity. Frelinghuysen encouraged his own members to subscribe toward young Tennent's salary and permitted him to use the Dutch meeting-houses, sometimes holding joint services with him.

Gilbert Tennent became more well-known than his father. Even today his sermons can still be read, while none of his father's writings are extant. The son seemed to eclipse the father; for Gilbert became the heart and center of a widespread revival movement known as the Great Awakening.

As we look back in history to our country's beginnings, it is usual to regard the colonists as very religious people. This is a misconception. Actually America was a needy mission field. Witness the Wesleys coming to Georgia as missionaries when the colony was very young. Until the 1730's only a meager proportion of the lower classes in the colonies were church members. Even in the Puritan settlements of New England this was true. In Virginia not more than one person in twenty was affiliated with a church, and the proportion was undoubtedly smaller in the other southern colonies. There were more unchurched people in America in proportion to population than in any other country in Christendom. Therefore, there was a great need for a religious awakening, and Gilbert Tennent became one of the most vocal participants in the Great Awakening. It was the first religious movement to make any lasting impression on the common people of the colonies. Centuries earlier it was said of a much greater Preacher that "the common people heard Him gladly".

When the greatest preacher of the eighteenth century came to America he harvested the seed sown by the Tennents and their colleagues. This man was George Whitefield, of whom it was said that he could throw an audience into paroxysms by pronouncing "Mesopotamia". Whitefield crossed the Atlantic thirteen times in days when such a voyage was more hazardous than a trip into outer space is today.

Whitefield had such a powerful voice that, according to Ben Franklin's calculations, it could reach 30,000 people in the open air. One day he spoke to 3,000 people gathered in the churchyard of William Tennent's church in Neshaminy. In his Autobiography Franklin says of Whitefield: "His eloquence had a wonderful power over the hearts and purses of his hearers of which I myself was an instance." Then he speaks of Whitefield's favorite benevolent enterprise, an orphanage in Georgia. Although Franklin approved of such an institution, he did not concur with Whitefield's means of constructing it. Therefore, he would not contribute to this worthy

JUDGES' COMMENTS

James A. Michener

I liked this very much, and it could well be in either first or second position. The fact that one of the other entries in the historical field might be a little better in construction, puts it ahead of this fine entry. The fact that I liked the constructive tone of one of the other non-research articles, means that I have put it ahead of this. However, if other critics prefer this to my preceding choices, I certainly would not object a bit.

Adi-Kent Thomas Jeffrey

Well researched profile — a bit scholarly in approach — should mention William Tennent's pastorate at the Bensalem church. I rate this third.

P.S. to Mrs. Jeffrey: Most of my sources indicate that Tennent was never formally installed at the Bensalem Church, although they say he probably preached there as a supply pastor.

cause until, he said, "I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften and concluded to give the coppers. Another stroke of his oratory made me asham'd of that and determin'd me to give the silver; and he finish'd so admirable that I empty'd my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all."

Gilbert Tennent also solicited Mr. Franklin's aid. His project was a new church in Philadelphia. But Franklin was unwilling to give him a list of people who might be willing to contribute. However, he did give him this famous advice: "I advise you to apply to all those whom you know will give something; next, to those whom you are uncertain whether they will give any thing or not, and lastly, do not neglect those who you are sure will give nothing, for in some of them you may be mistaken." By taking this sage advice Tennent was enabled to erect the elegant Second Presbyterian Church on Arch Street, Phila., where he was pastor for twenty years.

During these years he travelled a great deal and preached as often as three times a day. In 1740 he toured New England and preached there in the wake of George Whitefield. The celebrated evangelist spoke more highly of Gilbert Tennent than of any other preacher. He also held Gilbert's father in high esteem.

Gilbert Tennent was an ardent patriot as well as an eloquent preacher. He frequently advocated a defensive war against the French and Indians who were raiding settlements on Pennsylvania's frontier. This was a controversial subject and since Tennent was quite outspoken on the subject he aroused bitter opposition as well as fervent loyalty. His sermons were published in a pamphlet by a Philadelphia printer. Although they sold well, the sales did not meet expectations so in 1763 when the French and Indian War ended large bundles of unsold pamphlets were stored in a warehouse on Arch Street. For fifteen years they gathered dust.

The story of how these pamphlets helped the cause of the American Revolution in a very practical

Continued on page **27**

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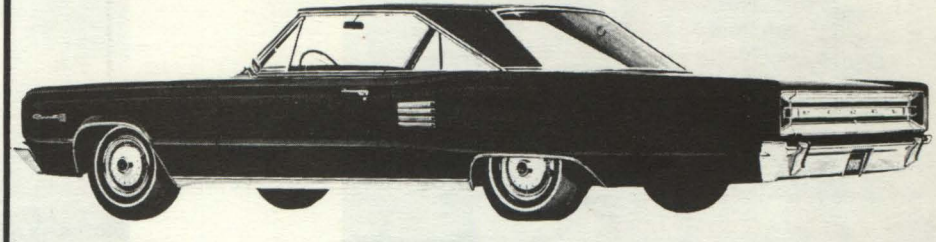

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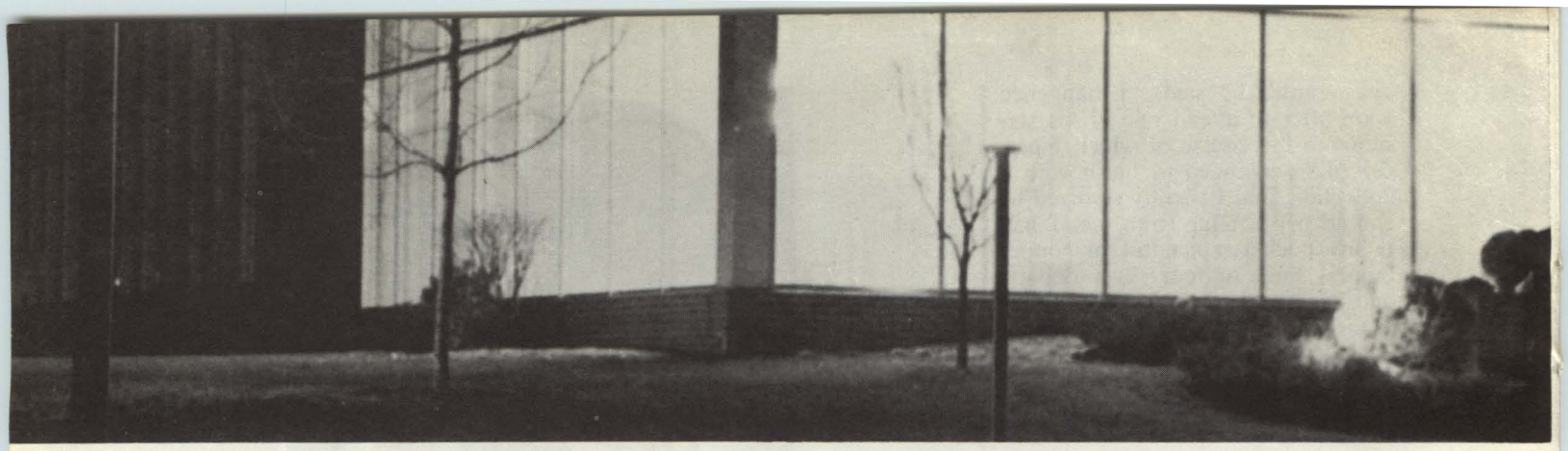

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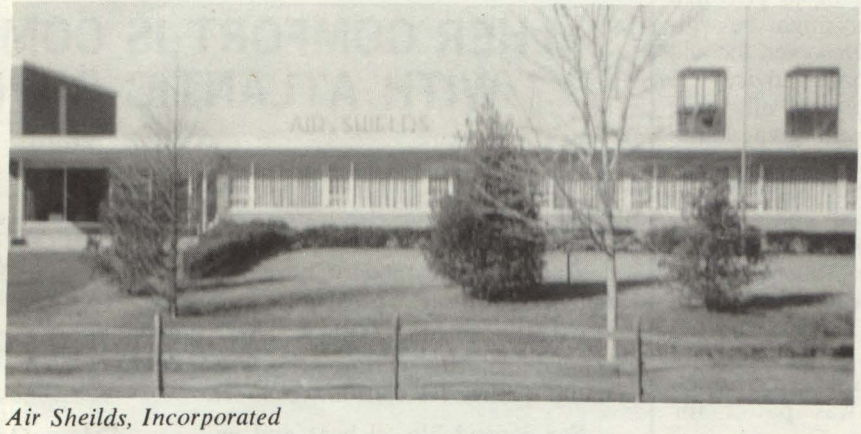

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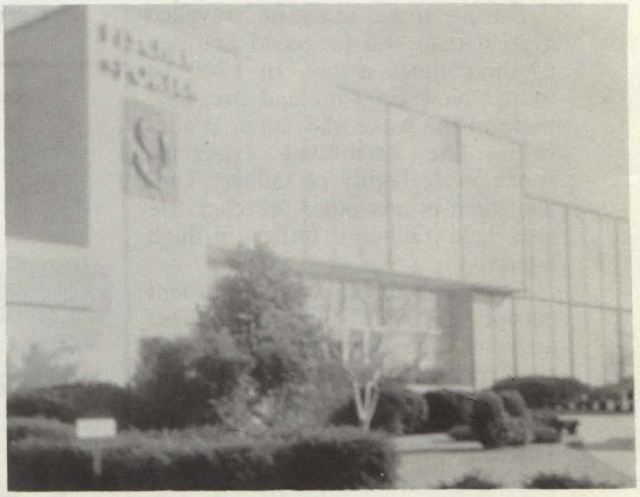
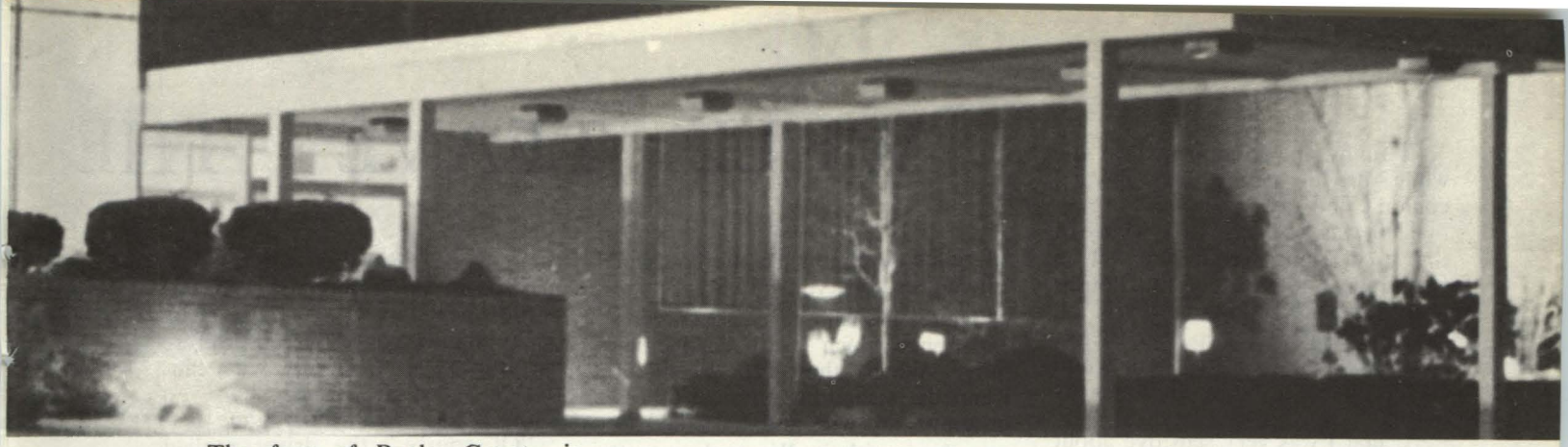


Fischer and Porter Company

Dedication at Hurst-Campbell



The face of Bucks County is constantly changing. We have come a long way from the early days of few real roads. Roads then were walled in on either side by thick, lush forests filled with wild life and the songs of a hundred different kinds of birds, with the red man silently watching the early settlers or passing pioneer families.

Today we are a hustling, bustling county—keeping well abreast, (and in some cases even ahead) of the progress of our sister counties. Industry has come to Bucks County, and one corner that has really come out into the lime-light is Warminster.

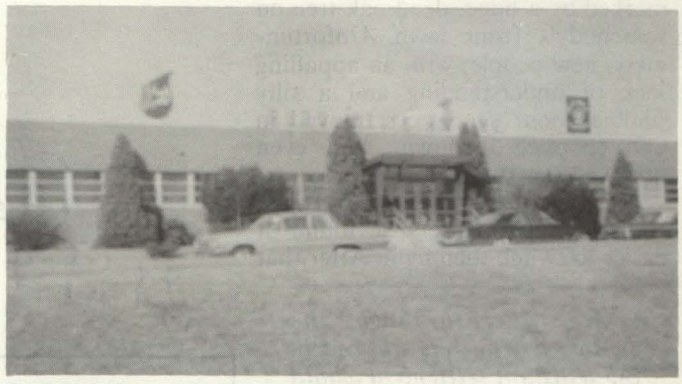
Products from this township now reach out over the globe. Life saving medical equipment made by Air Sheilds, Inc., a division of the Aeronauticae Corporation. Process instrumentation chlorination equipment, industrial electronic and mechanical control equipment from the Fischer & Porter Company, auto brakes made by Hatboro Brake, Inc. — fine printing, letterpress work, silk screening and offset by the Hurley Printing Company; every kind of Italian foods and sauces, frozen and fresh come from the LaRosa & Sons plant; Nylons are made in the Penn-Warrington Hosiery Mill; and lighting fixtures of every size, style, shape and color imaginable are manufactured at Prescolite Manufacturing corporation.

One industry that sends out a delightful advertisement on these cold windy mornings is the Rudd-Melikian plant. Here are made automatic dispensing machines for tea, milk, soups, foods and coffee . . . ah, that wonderful aroma.

Manufacturing fiberglass products of every kind is done at the Reinforced Plastics, Inc. The Stokes Corporation is another of the new plants in Warminster, and here are made vast numbers of precision parts, punches and dies. Custom molding of reinforced plastics is the work of the Warminster Fiberglass Company.

This past year the Hurst-Campbell company breezed into Warminster and started production of gear shifts and other equipment for auto builders.

Penn-Box Company



Rudd-Melikian Kwik-Kafe plant

Manufacturing a heavy duty gun, designed for the sole purpose of scaring birds away from such important places as air fields and such, along with making industrial mufflers, is the work of the Alexanda Tag Company.

Another place contributing to area is number 960 on Jacksonville Road. Here under those large silver numbers are a collection of several small plants, all producing assorted pieces of machinery. Huge wooden boxes and crates such as those used for shipping heavy equipment are made by the Penn-Box Company.

The Bell Maintenance Center and the Sealtest Distribution Plant along Mearns Road in the Warminster Industrial Park, will soon have the company of the Camden Fibre mill, which will be on Street Road.

Another new building, but bearing an old well known name, has arrived in the Ivyland area—John Wagner & Sons, Epicures and pervayers of imported spices, jellies, jams, rices and teas.

And so it goes on, ever changing — ever moving. A completely diversified area of commodities and industry, changing the whole face of Bucks County.

WE'LL LEAVE THE

A funny thing happened to me while driving home one day. I couldn't find my house.

That was 13 years ago. Many of the street signs weren't up yet in Levittown and most of the houses looked alike. Today, however, all the street signs are up and there's some individuality to the homes and I still have trouble finding my house.

At first I was very sensitive about it. I blamed it on a mental shortcoming. Everybody has some kind of peculiarity. This was mine.

But over the years, I learned it was happening to a lot of people. Only recently for instance, during that big, black bear hunt in Southampton, somebody probably a member of the S.P.C.B.B.B. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Big, Black Bears) observed apprehensively, "If that bear ever wanders over into Levittown, he'll go crazy trying to find his way out again."

Now I can discuss this matter openly, knowing that others share this problem with me.

During my early days here, I relied religiously on various landmarks to get around successfully. My route to the supermarket was marked by a huge, dead oak tree on somebody's front lawn. Unfortunately, new people, with an appalling lack of understanding and a silly phobia about dead trees, moved in and chopped it down. And even removed the stump.

It created a problem. So I just changed supermarkets. I found it easier to switch than fight. After that I relied solely on peculiarly shaped living shrubbery.

There was another embarrassing experience which I still recall painfully. When the late President Kennedy pushed his physical fitness program, my wife and I decided to go along with it. We took a walk early one evening, for about a half mile, over the gently curving streets and finally ended up in another section of the community.

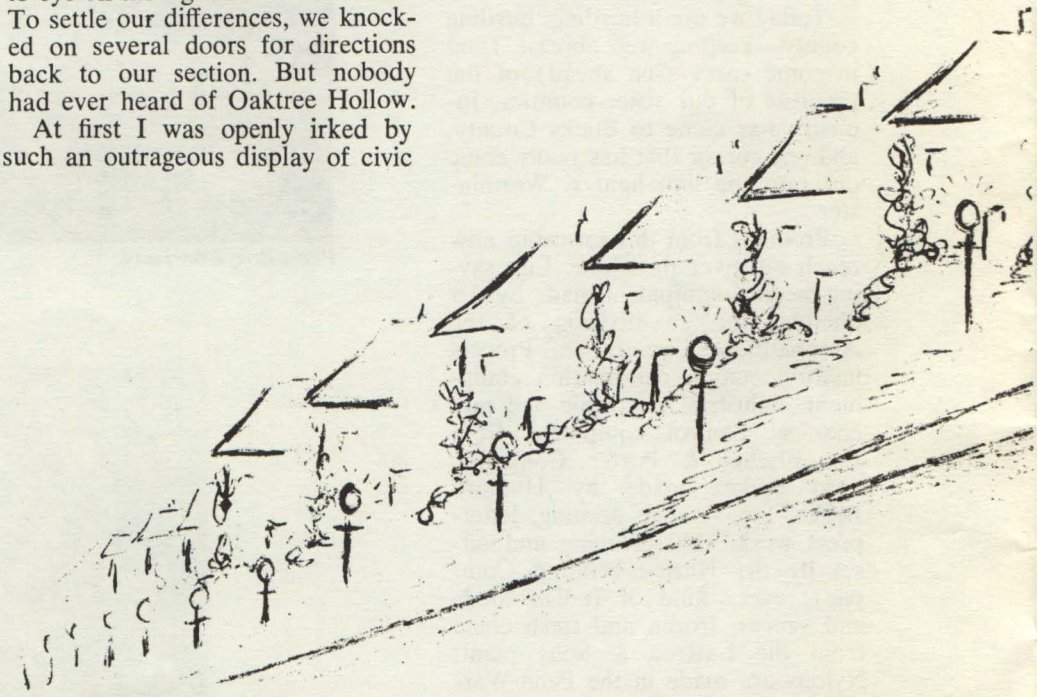
Everything went smoothly, except for the fact that we didn't leave a trail of broken twigs. When it was time to turn back we didn't see eye to eye on the right direction to take. To settle our differences, we knocked on several doors for directions back to our section. But nobody had ever heard of Oaktree Hollow.

At first I was openly irked by such an outrageous display of civic ignorance. Then my wife nudged me sharply to remind me of our predicament.

We finally called a cab. Before we entered the taxi, my wife cautiously asked the driver, "Do you know where Oval Turn Lane is?"

"Of course," the driver replied snappily, "It's in the Orangewood section."

"No," my wife said weakly. "It's in the Oaktree section."



Over a century ago, the westward travelers approaching a distant settlement would be met by a Conestoga wagon with fresh food and water. These wagons were a welcome sight to the weary strangers.

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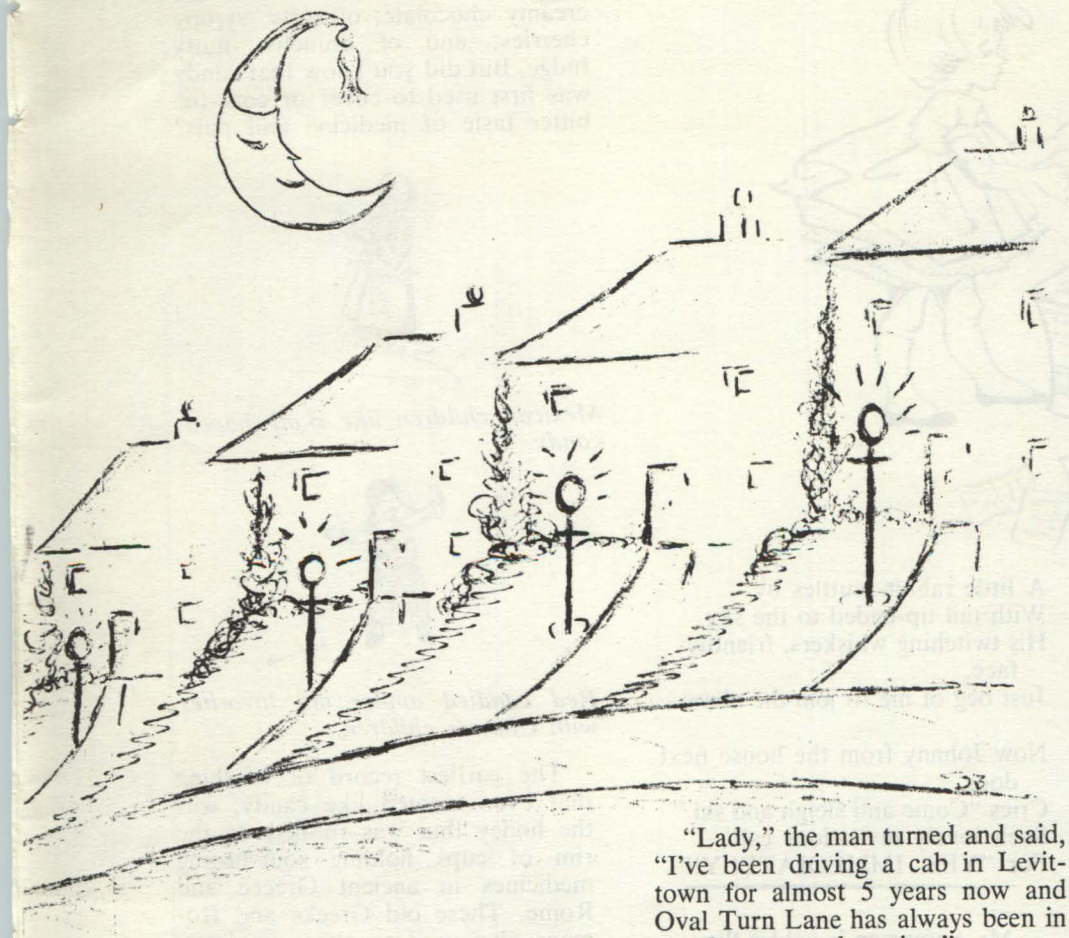
LIGHT BURNING

by Martin Moskovitz



"Lady," the man turned and said, "I've been driving a cab in Levittown for almost 5 years now and Oval Turn Lane has always been in the Orangewood section."

"But, Mac," I said, "We LIVE on Oval Turn Lane."

"Oh."

There was a hasty scuffle for the map in the glove compartment. The driver turned the light on and the three of us charted the route homeward.

Two minutes later he deposited us at the doorway of our home. I checked the address just to make sure.

The cabbie stood there sheepishly with his hand outstretched, guilty conscience notwithstanding. "So help me," he said apologetically, "I know Levittown like the back of my hand. First time this has happened."

We watched as he roared away confidently. About 50 feet later he stopped suddenly. The light went on and we saw him unfold the map, lay it across the back of his hand and try to figure a way out of Oaktree Hollow.

But really, there are also some pleasant advantages to this otherwise difficult situation. We never worry too much about weekend guest. By the time they find our home, the weekend is generally over.

Many residents of the community supply expectant visitors with vital information such as, "We'll leave the vestibule light burning."

This only serves to muddle matters more, especially if other people in the area are also expecting guests. But at least it narrows the choice down to knocking only on doors of houses expecting visitors.

Of course, you'll always find some chauvinistic resident, with an uncanny sense of direction, who brushes off this business about getting lost in Levittown as a lot o nonsense. Maybe so, but I can't re call anybody trying to raise homin pigeons in Levittown.

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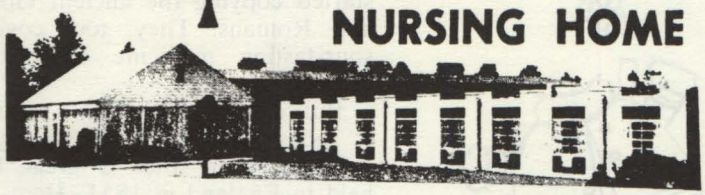

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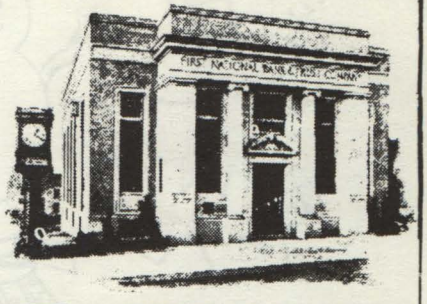

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by Daphne Doward Hogstrom

Winter's Wonderland

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Through my window I can see
Mister Snowman watching me,
With eyes and lips that seem
to say —
"Won't you come outside and play?"

The pine trees shake their
snowy limbs
And bend and sway and prance.
If they could talk, I know they'd ask
"Please, won't you come and
dance?"

A little rabbit scuttles by
With tail up-ended to the sky.
His twitching whiskers, friendly
face,
Just beg of me to join the chase.

Now Johnny from the house next
door
Cries "Come and sleigh and ski."
Such lovely invitations call
For "YES! IMMEDIATELY!"

Mr. Snowman is colder than usual without his clothes. Won't you please color and cut-out his garments — and then dress him up in them? He will be most grateful!

Last year, on Valentine's Day — did you or your Father give Mother a box of candy in a beautiful, heart-shaped box? I expect you did — along with thousands of other boys and girls.

Everyone loves the taste of sweet, creamy chocolate; of softy, syrupy cherries; and of crunchy, nutty fudge. But did you know that candy was first used to cover or coat the bitter taste of medicine and pills?

Mexican children like skull-shaped candy.

Red candied apples are favorites with Chinese children.

The earliest record of anything that even seemed like candy, was the honey that was rubbed on the rim of cups holding sour-tasting medicines in ancient Greece and Rome. These old Greeks and Romans also used to chop up dates, figs and nuts and mix them with honey — molding them into different shapes that might well be called "candy."

The Italians made a form of candy as early as the Middle Ages — somewhere between the years 500 and 1450. They threw these candies at each other in make-believe fights during costume parades.

Then, just over one hundred years ago, the druggists and doctors started copying the ancient Greeks and Romans. They, too, covered sour-tasting medicine with shells of sugar.

But candy-making as we know it today did not really come to America until after a great Fair held in England in 1851. Here, the English showed so many wonderful examples of "boiled sweets", as candies were then known, that people from other countries came away amazed!

France immediately began to manufacture marvellous chocolates and "bon-bons" — which means "good-good", and seems a very proper name for such delicious items.

But America soon led the world in its production of candy. It made more, and the best, and the most unusual kinds.

Yet, although candy did not become of truly world-wide fame until 1851, our own Philadelphia could boast of no fewer than twenty candy-makers as early as 1816. This list also included the name of Sebastian Chauveau who was the first person to manufacture gumdrops and marshmallows in the United States.

Now, of course, the different kinds of candy can be counted in the hundreds! Taffy, licorice, peanut-brittle, peppermint-patties, lollipops, strawberry creams, butterscotch squares — how many more can *you* name?

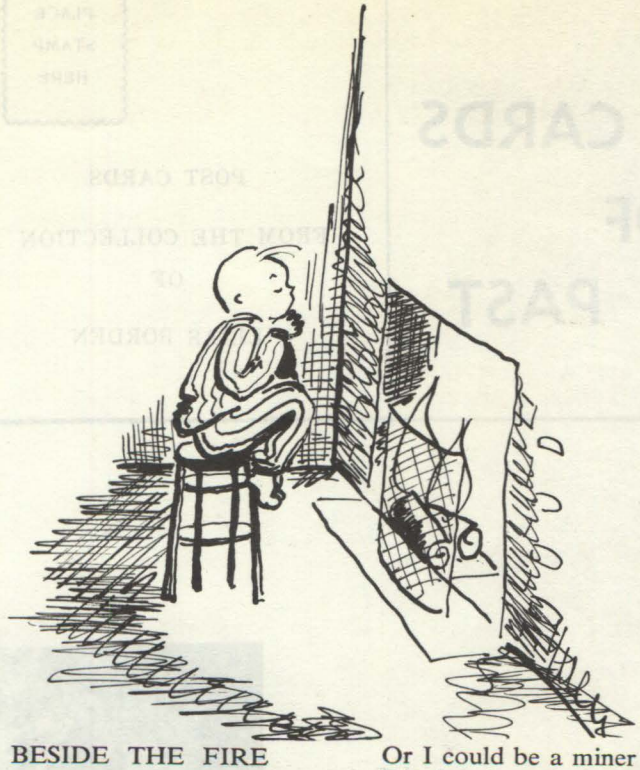
We think of writers and artists and engineers and designers as doing new, imaginative and unusual work. But, when we pop a piece of peanut butter marshmallow fudge into our mouths — then we must also think of the Candy Makers, too!

In early America, only rich people could afford to buy candy.

Please fill in the words to complete this verse. The correct answers can be found at the bottom of the page.

Valentines need neither string nor rope, But each will want an - - - - - - -.
If you were tidying dolls and blocks, You'd put them all in their own toy - - -.
If you were going to a distant place You'd pack your things in a big - - - - - - - - -.
Linens and laces and clothes all pressed Are often stored in a cedar - - - - -.
But if you're saving loads of junk, It will surely end in an attic - - - - -.

Answers: envelope, box, suitcase, chest, trunk.



BESIDE THE FIRE

I see the moon high over-head
We're tubbed and toweled and fully fed:
But, before we yawn and tire —
Let's sit awhile beside the fire.

The parlor holds a rosy glow
As flames shoot high and then sink low.
Shadows creep upon each wall —
But I'm not in this house at all!

I'm in a cave — and outside there,
You'll find a great, big grizzly bear!
But I'm a hunter, strong and brave,
And warmly safe inside my cave.

Or I could be a miner bold,
Digging deep for gems and gold.
And all those beams you see around
Are gleams from diamonds on the ground!

Or I am on my way to Mars —
Zooming out amongst the stars.
For days and days my ship has sped
Through fiery skies of rocket red.

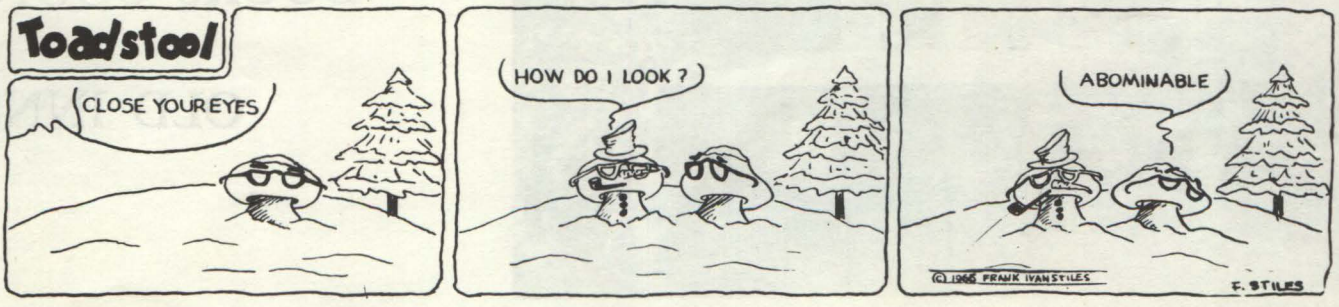
But Mother's voice is calling clear,
"Time for bed, so — come on, dear."
Goodbye stars and cave and beams —
Firelight holds such happy dreams!

HOLDING COURT

The fir tree wears a robe of snow,
And, kneeling at her feet below,
The little bushes seem to be
Maids waiting on Her Majesty.

A LOVE SONG

A ball of cord
And a tube of glue
Fell in love
Just as people do.
The cord sang softly
Each whole day through —
"If you stick to me,
I'll string along with you!"



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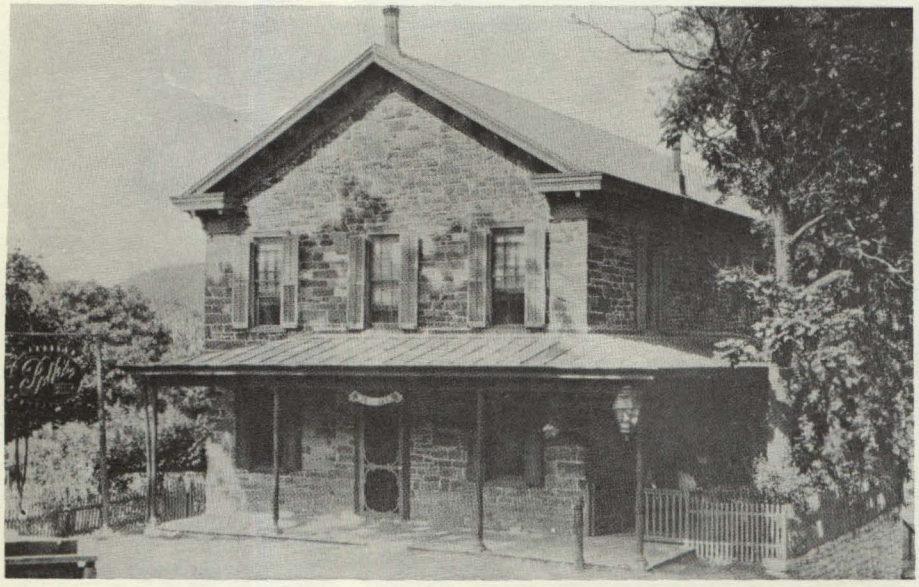

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WHITE HALL HOTEL, APPLEBACHSVILLE.
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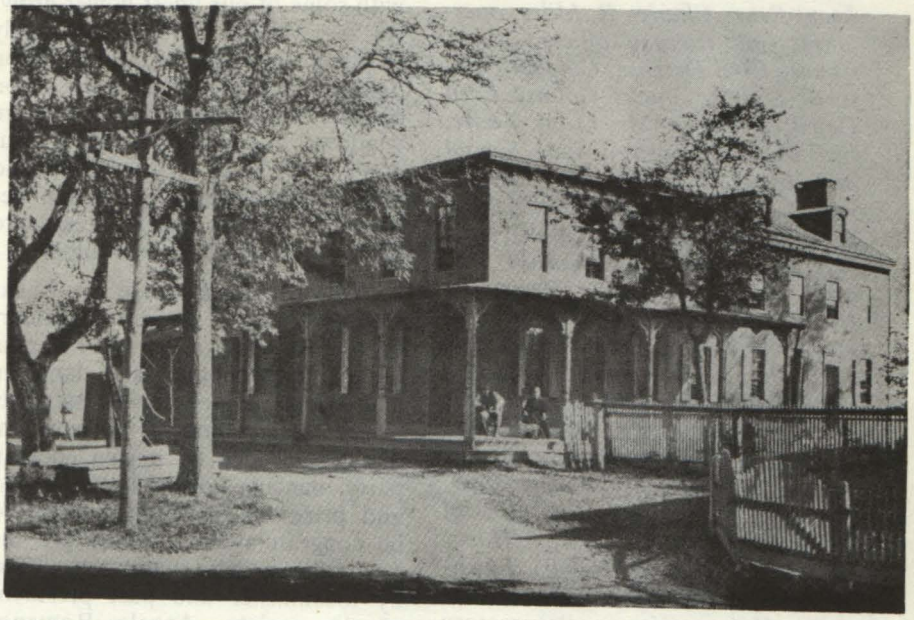

OLD PINEVILLE HOTEL, PINEVILLE, PA.

WHITE HALL HOTEL, NEWTOWN. Erected early in the last century; first licensed as a tavern in 1848.

DRIVING ACROSS BUCKS

Continued from page **13**

ence to remember. It was enlightening — educational — and above all, each person felt much better knowing that the Government was making an all out effort to provide this training and safety for everyone.

Front Row: Charles R. Miltz, operations and training officer, Bucks County Civil Defense; Colonel Lewis R. Stretch, Bucks County Civil Defense Director; Mr. Frank Zeiser, Fire Marshal, Eastern State School and Hospital; Mr. William McKinney, Cornwells Heights, Pa., Mrs. Lillian Sokolowski, Boonton, N.J.; Mrs. Belle Horowitz, Jamison, Pa.; Mrs. Ruby Spezzano, Registered Nurse, Eastern State School and Hospital; Miss Alice Millerd, Chalfont, Pa.; Mr. Robert McCarthy, Carversville, Pa.; Mr. Wayne Miller, Carversville, Pa.; Mr. Charles L. McGill, Deputy Director, Bucks County Civil Defense. Center Row: Mr. Paul Altaire, Reporter, Bristol Daily Courier; Mr. Cyrus Hoagland, Road Master, Solebury Township, Pa.; Father Jeremiah A. Falvey, Holy Ghost Preparatory School; Mr. H. Lloyd Kramer, Silverdale, Pa.; Mr. Charles D. Moberg, Mayor Elect, New Britain, Pa.; Mr. Edward Sokolowski, Boonton, N.J.; Mr. Elbert L. Tompkins, Solebury Township, Pa.; Mr. William G. Schneider, Bell Telephone Company; Mr. Frederick W. Trautman, Postman, Doylestown, Pa.; Mr. John Bell, Teacher, Mechanicsville, Pa.; Mr. William J. Smith, Course Instructor, Paterson Parchment Paper Company. Back Row: Mr. William P. Cole, Civil Defense Director, Milford Township, Pa.; Mr. David Sokolowski, Boonton, N.J.; Mr. Robert Erickson, Doylestown, Pa.; Mr. Kenneth Brasington, Teacher, Doylestown, Pa.; Mr. Richard Brucker, Perkasie, Pa.; Mr. Harris Millerd, Chalfont, Pa. Also in attendance but not shown in picture was: Commander John V. Dana, Disaster Control officer, Johnsville Naval Air Station, Warminster, Pa.

After spending considerable time collecting the unusual, decorating the interior and making contacts with some of our finest flower growers — Muth's Florists are ready to meet their public. Located on Oakland Street, Doylestown, you cannot miss the attractive store windows and imported gifts. But don't stop here — go inside and meet the charming young man behind the counter. He'll be able to solve your every gift problem.

We must congratulate the Bucks County Society of Restauranteurs on the success of its sixth annual ladies' night banquet and dance at The Buck Hotel in Feasterville. There was, of course, an excellent dinner preceded by a gala cocktail party, dancing until the wee hours, and prizes and awards galore. To be congratulated especially are the new officers who were introduced by toastmaster and past president of the society, Angelo Romano. They are: Walter J. Conti, president; Dominick Carosi, vice president; Anthony Canike, Jr., secretary; Mark Nielson, treasurer; George V. Ekstrom, executive sec-

Continued on page **30**

GHOST TALES OF BUCKS

Continued from page **26**

was the end for the Yankee man with the bony frame and the cracking switch.

Months went by. No-one ever saw hat, coattail nor rod of the man again. The whole town sighed with relief. Gradually the pupils buzzed excitingly again of their harrowing days in the cold stone schoolhouse in the woods.

One day, a former pupil decided to walk through the glen and have a peek at the old room. A broken shutter was banging in the late winter wind. He pulled himself up on tiptoes and glanced into a shadowy interior. His breath caught in his throat. There in the dim light was a grey form, a near-shapeless mist, but distinct in identity. It was the gaunt figure of the schoolmaster, sitting at his desk. He sat with rod in hand and eyes focused on the door, waiting for his pupils to return.

The boy thrust himself away from the window and fled through the crunching dryness of the glen. The story he told spread far and wide through Bucks County. It was remembered for decades afterwards. Many more tales followed of the ghostly school master awaiting the return of his class.

Today memories of this tale have fallen away from the minds of this generation. The stones of the old schoolhouse are not even to be found. But listen! As you step off the bridge and start up the winding hillside road shadowed with the thickness of trees, do you hear the story again? Told in the crawling touch of tightening twigs? Wailed in the winds? Recalled in the stale scents of forgotten ferns and lifeless leaves?

You will leave Dark Hollow. But you will never forget it.

THE END

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TENNENTS OF NESHAMINY

Continued from page **27**

way is quite interesting. When the British evacuated Philadelphia there was a critical paper shortage. It was critical because paper was needed for cartridge wadding. The Tennent pamphlets were discovered by a group of soldiers in the garret and were sent to the Continental Army and used as cartridge wadding in the Battle of Monmouth of June 28, 1778. Their author had been dead for over a decade.

When Gilbert Tennent died in 1764, the congregation of the Second Church honored him by burial under the middle aisle of their sanctuary. Later, when the church was remodeled, his remains were removed to the church cemetery. Now he lies with his good friend, Dr. Samuel Finley, in the cemetery of the Abington Presbyterian Church on York Road.

The colonial churches and their pastors did much to promote the desire for independence. They argued the issues of the day and encouraged their people to think for themselves, and not to endure tyranny from any man. The Great Awakening united the thirteen separate colonies for the first time in a common bond, "the fellowship of kindred minds" as the hymn writer phrased it. The names of Tennent, Edwards and Whitefield aroused interest throughout the land and brought about a spiritual unity before the political one was accomplished.

What a heritage is ours! May God raise up from our comfortable homes more men like the Tennents to accomplish great and lasting deeds! Men whose names are remembered two hundred years after their death. Men, imperfect, but willing to become involved or even expended, in the important, if at times, thankless task of training young people to do their duty to God and country.

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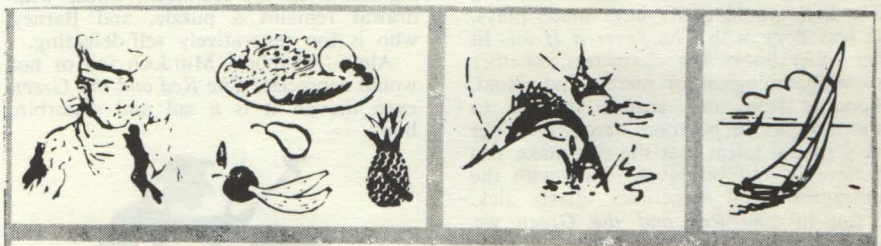

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THE LITE

Editor, Betty Stedman

The Red and the Green by Iris Murdoch, (the Viking Press, New York).

Anybody reading Iris Murdoch for the first time in her latest novel, *The Red and the Green,* would wonder why so many reviewers have called her a "comic writer."

While the Murdoch elements of the ludicrous and the ridiculously coincidental are here in abundance, they are submerged in a sense of foreboding, the weight of inevitable tragedy.

In a way it is also a more difficult book to read than her other novels, any of which, such as *The Italian Girl,* and *The Bell,* would easily have made plays, as was done with *The Severed Head.* In her other books her characters, whether psychopathological or merely individual, bounced from one cosmic misstep to the next, as in bedroom farce. It is her very special talent that she can make you believe in and yet laugh along with the outrageous and sometimes utterly sick.

But in *The Red and the Green* we come to know the characters through their internal agonies rather than in action. They are unable ever to communicate to and with each other, and their meetings thus result in disasters, difficult to explain on the stage without soliloquizing.

Perhaps also some of the sense of doom comes from the setting, of Dublin in Easter Week 1916, before the Uprising. Miss Murdoch meticulously and at length depicts both the physical setting and the historical background.

She is writing about an intermingled Anglo-Irish family (sisters and brothers marrying brothers and sisters, so that you have to pay attention to who's what to whom) of some wealth and education, and their varying attitudes to the "troubles" and to each other.

The first line in the book starts out pure Murdoch: "Ten more glorious days without horses! So thought Second Lieutenant Andrew Chase-White, recently commissioned in the distinguished regiment of King Edward's Horse. . . . " But since Andrew's motives for joining the cavalry were a somewhat masochistic need to overcome his supposed lack of courage, and a feverish will to prove himself to his Irish cousins, all natural horsemen, it really isn't funny. (But then again the Murdoch burlesque —Andrew was recovering from pneumonia contracted in France while finding shelter for the horses.)

In spite of the novel's significance being conveyed intellectually rather than in action, there are many stageable scenes. The most poignant is when young Cathal and Andrew are handcuffed together and tied to the stove, Cathal so that he won't be able to join the mustering of volunteers, Andrew so that he won't be able to warn the English. An almost choreographed scene is when the all too hospitable "Aunt Millie," Lady Kinnard, is visited after hours one night by: two seduction-bound nephews; one rejected, pathetic, suitor; and one about-to-be rejected suitor. Much candle-snuffing, hallway backtracking and charging in and out of doors ensues, but the results are of course calamitous, and it is Millie's hour of dignity to acknowledge this.

Most of the characters, who except for Millie and Barney are not outwardly as flamboyant as most Murdoch people, are three-dimensionally revealed, take them as they come. The two unsatisfying characters are Kathleen, whose withdrawal remains a puzzle, and Barney, who is too reiteratively self-defeating.

Almost anybody, Murdoch fan or not, would appreciate *The Red and the Green,* even though it is a sad and disturbing book.

"Father Was a Gourmet" by Carol Truax (Doubleday & Co., New York—$3.95).

"My father was a judge of good wine, a judge of good food, and a judge of the New York Supreme Court. At least half the time he thought of his achievements in that order." This is by no means a biography but a fascinating and hilarious tale of a father who was "larger than life" in every sense during the lush 1900's. He was a gourmet with heroic appetites dedicated to the good things in life which he enjoyed to the full. The word diet was not in Father's lexicon and judging from the amazing recipes which spice the book, he loved and enjoyed every moment in his non-dietetic life. Delightful reading which deserves a special place on the discerning cook's bookshelf!

Chagall by Raymond Cogniat, Crown Publishers, Inc., 1965.

This latest addition to Crown Publishers "Q.L.P. Art Series" (Quality Low Prices) is certainly just that. There are many fine books available on the artist Marc Chagall and/or his work, but this subject matter treatment is an excellent and fresh approach. It familiarizes the viewer with pertinent biographical background and explanatory text revealing much in Chagall's creative concepts. The varied selection of 53 illustrations in color plus more in black and white, present the entire range of the artist's periods and techniques. The author's viewpoints of criticism and appreciation give a very personal expression of opinion to the book's descriptiveness.

—by Mimi Hoag

Poodlestan, a Poddle's Eye View of History. Told to Paul-Marc Henry; Illustrated by Peter Ustinov; Reynal & Company, New York City — $3.50

No child's book this, but a hilarious combination of tongue-in-cheek prose and delightfully grotesque drawings by Peter Ustinov. Bete Noire, a female black miniature Poodle, discourses freely of the velvet paw which rules a certain class of people. Statistically she points out that with three hundred pure-bred puppies applying for official registration each day, they will soon outstrip human population. And we quote, "Man is living as a slave to four-legged creatures and four wheeled machines. He is squeezed by both—out of his space by cars and out of his peace by the poodles." She feels we are approaching an age which will be called "Poodlestan" and she has seriously researched (with the help of a human to lift down the proper tomes) the whole subject of poodles from the time of the Roman Empire. She reminds us that they have come a long way from the rough and tumble of the old days when they made their precarious living on the European stages and in circus tents. Now they have their own beauty salons, their own ward-robes and jewels, and in many cases their own servants either to walk them or to drive them to the various soirees where they are welcome and honored guests.

She takes up the present controversey raging over the "in" and "out" cuts and the laws governing breeding which she feels are much too restrictive for such a virile breed. Because no one seems able to define a toy or a miniature with a clear mark of so many inches, she suggests a new group to be called "Toy-Min" for those who fall in between.

This book is a must for poodle-owners and the sophisticated reader will find grounds for an amused snicker or two.

—Hazel M. Gover

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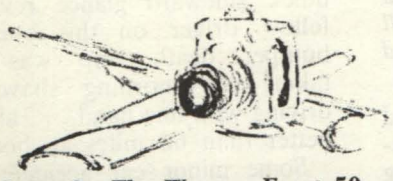

Still Quiet On The Western Front 50 Years Later by Gene Smith, Introduction by S. L. A. Marshall; William Morrow & Co.; 108 pps; $3.75

The author poses the questions "was it all a dream of long ago, an episode invented by the history professors to fill a paragraph saying that the American action and demeanor were bracing to the faltering Allies, that the Americans showed substantial dash in their charges? Was it all in never-never land, far from the America of today with its superhighways and television? Did America really produce in these fat old men and mental cripples the wonderful soldiery of what began as the last gentlemens' war, the last gallant war, the last splurge of romanticism and legends and plumes? Did it all really happen?"

Unfortunately, this reminiscence is mostly a splurge of romanticism and legend and plumes of high school style creative writing, and consequently doesn't answer the questions, nor take the episode out of the dream world.

What answers the questions is the photography, the most revealing and thought-provoking portion of the book. Twenty extraordinary photographs show battle scenes along the Western Front taken during the war, and then in the same position 50 years later. They are extraordinary more for how little has changed, rather than how much, which certainly is a commentary on the European respect for history and tradition (but that's another subject entirely). There are also a number of drawings by Bill Berry, but they evoke nothing of the spirit or the desolation of war, and are superfluous.

What takes the episode out of the dream world is the sparkling introduction by S. L. A. Marshall, who served with the forces in the war. He speaks with candor and honesty of the realities of the war, and the reality of reminiscing.

The author, who has had a long-time interest in the First World War and wrote a biography of the last years of Woodrow Wilson, travelled 2,000 miles along the former front line, to Ypres, the Somme, Belleau Wood, Verdun and other battlefields. He has written, as stated in the introduction, "less of what he sees than what he feels."

— Anne Meyers

The Climate Is Hope, How They Triumphed Over Cancer by Walter Ross; Prentice-Hall, Inc.; 184 pps.; $3.95

This book closes with the following remarks: "There is reason to hope for significant breakthroughs in basic cancer research. There is reason to hope that, within the foreseeable future, cancer will come under scientific control. There is, in short, reason to hope."

This is, the strong point made throughout this collection of personal stories of cancer patients, and statements by leading medical authorities. The attitudes represented are as diverse as that of Arthur Godfrey, who says "Don't get maudlin," and of Virginia Graham, who feels "any doctor who tells a patient before an operation that she has cancer should be strung up by the neck."

On one point there is agreement: if detected early and treated promptly and properly, cancer can be cured, and with courage and responsibility, cancer can be conquered.

The author is an editorial consultant to the American Cancer Society, consequently the presentation is a hopeful one which should eliminate some fears and gives the message a ring of authority. The method of presentation and level of writing makes it appeal to the general public interested in the subject.

Perhaps the most important chapter in the book covers the fake cures and unproven drugs. This is the area where greater public awareness is needed, and hopefully greater public awareness is the purpose this volume will fulfill.

FUME by Lajos Ruff; Henry Regnery Company, Chicago — $3.50

FUME is the true story of a fellow prisoner who is now holding a top post in the Hungarian Communist Party. It was told to Lajos Ruff when they were jammed together in a death cell prior to the Hungarian revolt. Ruff was released during the revolt in 1956 and made his way to this country. Only thirty-four now, he has achieved a style of writing which is crisp and concise, telling his story in simple and effective words.

There is the Budapest death cell where the inmates silently rejoiced when a prisoner was called out, — there would be a little more space and a little more food for a short while. There is a steel mill with everyone in a small town bound up in some way with the furnaces which roared on twenty-four hours a day. There is a "member of the Party" whose job it was to increase the production somehow even beyond the point of human and furnace endurance. There is a "happy island" with a dog, field mice, hawks, a badger and people who drink wine and laugh, and there is tender and tragic love. There is the real face of Hungarian "Communism" where the people defend themselves in a passive, noiseless way living in a country where the secret life is independent and estranged from the party leadership, — like an ocean where the surface is burning oil and those who struggle for a breath of true freedom are burned.

This is a strong book, written in a strong manner, and one that will live a little after it has been put down.

—Cynthia Ann Baker

Electronic Computers by S. H. Hollingdale & G. C. Tootill (Pelican Books, Baltimore, Maryland)

This exploration, by two British scientists, of the modern electronic computer is written for the non-technical reader. Starting with the earliest counting methods, to the present day systems of numerical notation, the authors lay a firm groundwork on which to base their development of the "automatic calculating machine".

Tracing the history of figuring devices, they lead the reader from the most primitive to the more complex mechanisms. The descriptions of "how" and "why" will help one toward a better understanding of these machines.

Projecting the future of the electronic computer, the authors arrive at this hopeful conclusion; "The computers 'artificial intelligence' is prescribed by man, and a higher intelligence is demanded for prescription than for execution. Man, as the originator, will always be on top."

I feel that this book has sufficient value, to those who wish to learn more about computers and their programming, that I propose, with the publisher's permission, to read the text onto magnetic tape for the benefit of the blind.

By W. Whitticar

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DRIVING ACROSS BUCKS

Continued from page 26

retary; and Angelo Romano, Chairman of the Board.

The objects of the Bucks County Society of Restaurateurs are to constantly improve the standards of eating and drinking establishments in Bucks County, to constantly work towards higher standards in the culinary arts, and to constantly work towards higher standards of service to the public.

A portion of Fischer & Porter Co.'s display to be used in the first Eastern Montgomery County Industrial and Trade Show is demonstrated by F&P Vice President Robert Lane, to Hugh Monaghan. Monaghan is president of H. I. Monaghan Advertising, the firm handling show management. Fischer & Porter Co., manufacturer of industrial instrumentation and controls, water and waste water treatment equipment, and traffic controls; is only one of the world-wide organizations participating in the event.

The show will be held at the Eastern Montgomery County Vocational Technical School, 175 Terwood Road, Willow Grove, Pa. in conjunction with the formal opening of the school. Exhibits will stress the vocational skills required to manufacture the products.

Local fire chiefs are very worried at the increasing number of preschoolers who persist in running out into the streets and standing in the way of the trucks after the siren blows. I'm sure we can all remember the thrill of rushing to the curb to watch the firemen drive past, it was a real childhood treat. BUT —

Recently a neighboring fire company had to bring their truck to a dead stop, enroute to a big fire, because an excited four year old standing stock still in the middle of the street and would not move. Valuable time and property were lost. As you know, the firemen are volunteers attending to other interests when the alarm goes off, so they must hurry to get to that fire and put it out within those first fatal fifteen minutes. You can help! When you hear the siren, gather up your children and their playmates. Let them have the thrill of watching, but KEEP THEM OFF THE STREETS!

Twelve sets of eighty slides depicting historic and recreational sites and scenic views of the county, have been produced by the Bucks County Historical - Tourist Commission. The slides will be available upon request to schools and other interested organizations.

Have you ever glanced at other drivers who may be passing you on a busy highway? While driving on the Schuykill Expressway recently, a quick sideward glance revealed a fellow driver on this bumper-to-bumper death trap was calmly taking his morning shave while driving with one hand . . . all this at better than 60 miles an hour!

Some minor car accidents have pointed up the fact that many cars today have side and rear windows of *Tempered* instead of *Laminated* safety glass, commonly referred to as "shatterproof".

In what is referred to as the "Quiet Switchover" there has been a quiet trend to substitute tempered for laminated glass in vent and side windows at a savings of up to $14 per car.

Please friends, before I close I would like to leave you with this reminder: Many birds will remain with us throughout the rest of the winter, and by the end of January the weed seeds and other edibles that they feed on will be completely exhausted. Set up your feeding stations now, if you haven't already done so. Even food thrown on the ground and on the crusted snow will assure the survival of many of these feathered friends.

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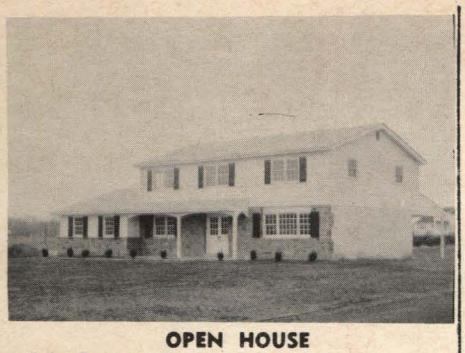

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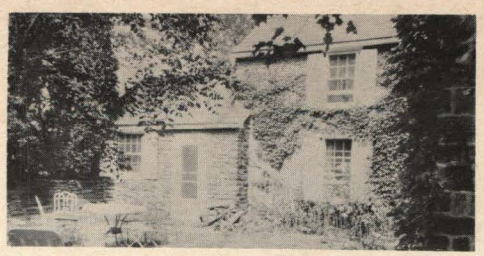

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